

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

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OPERATION HARESLEAP

BUILDING A MIGHTY POWER STATION IN ARCTIC SWEDEN

FAR up in the Arctic of Sweden engineers are building a power station, 220 feet underground, which will raise Sweden to third place among the world's producers of electricity. This vast undertaking has the name of Operation Haresleap (Harsprang); this is because the spray from the falls where Lake Lulea enters the River Lulea freezes on the walls of the narrow canyon, and forms an ice bridge for the white Arctic hares to leap across, high above the roaring torrent which Swedish engineers are harnessing.

Operations Haresleap is one of the most spectacular engineering projects in the world. And it will be complete by next March.

It has involved building a town 50 miles north of the Arctic Circle for an army of 2000 workers; raising the level of an inland sea (Lake Lulea) by 133 feet; building a dam containing more rock than the Cheops Pyramid; blasting a series of tunnels from the lake to the power station deep underground, and another series of runway tunnels to carry the water back into the river after turning the turbines; and then laying a transmission cable across 600 miles of frozen tundra, virgin forest, and sodden bogs to the town of Hallsberg for distribution throughout the country.

The work started three years ago with engineers blasting a tunnel beneath the proposed site of the dam into the floor of the lake. The Engineer-in-Charge at Haresleap, quietly-spoken Bertil Eklof, says, "The idea was to carry away the lake's overflow so

that we could build the dam on dry land."

Three months later Eklof placed the final charge of dynamite that would blow in the floor of the lake. Then, with a dull roar and the gurgling movement of water running from a giant bath, the waters of an inland sea dropped into a tunnel and away below the site for the dam.

Meanwhile, engineers were blasting four great tunnels into the earth towards the site of the power room; and from the power room there was to be a fifth great tunnel leading to the river beneath the dam.

Sealing the Tunnel

"When we've built the dam we'll seal the tunnel we blasted into the floor of the lake," Eklof explains. "This will mean the level of the water will rise, and when it reaches the openings of the four intake tunnels the overflow will roar into them, down past the turbines in the power room and out through the outlet tunnel into the river beneath the dam. Simple!"

When our reporter visited the scene of Operation Haresleap he found the work nearing completion. Throughout the day and into the Midnight Sun a fleet of bright yellow trucks carried blasted rock from the tunnels to the dam. From deep underground came the roar of dynamite. Up among the lofty pines it was brilliantly sunny and the air hummed with mosquitoes. But down in the tunnels the air was bitter, and icicles hung from the dim vault of the power room.

Forty Degrees Below Zero

"In a few months it'll be quite different down here," Eklof said, "because we'll have installed the turbines before the winter starts, and the power room will gleam with steel."

Winter is a difficult time for the men of Operation Haresleap. Eighty degrees in the shade is common enough in the Arctic summer, but when the long winter night sets in the mercury drops to 40 degrees F below zero. The cold freezes the oil in the yellow trucks, cracks metal, and freezes the moisture in the eyes. Frostbite and blizzards add to the difficulties—and the darkness of the winter necessitates working under floodlighting. But work will continue at Haresleap through the winter.

Meanwhile, the engineers in Sweden's cable factories have made the world's first 380,000-volt

Continued on page 2



ON TOP OF NEW YORK

High above the rooftops of the New York skyscrapers, Mr Pat Corbett and his son Joe work on the new television mast above the tower of the Empire State Building. But the magnificent view is not new to Mr Pat Corbett, for some years ago he worked on the construction of the tower itself.

TWO HALF-SHIPS MAKE ONE

A SHIPYARD at Genoa has just built the steamer *Boccadasse*—from the halves of two other ships!

The fore-part came from the *Bert Williams*, which grounded on a reef in the Red Sea in 1943, and although refloated intact, broke in two when being taken into port. The other part came from her sister ship *Nathaniel Bacon*, which broke up after being mined off the Italian coast in 1945.

The *Boccadasse* is the first merchant ship ever to be built in this way, although there have been several cases where missing bows have been replaced. But there was a parallel case in the Royal Navy during the First World War, when the destroyers *Zulu* and *Nubian* each lost half of their hulls and the destroyer *Zubian* was built from their remaining parts.

On Other Pages

ERIC GILLET ON THREE NEW FILMS ..	4
OTHER PEOPLE'S JOBS—The Hotel Manager ..	5
"LITTLE PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF LONG AGO" ..	7
THE MISSING MOUNTIE (Complete Adventure Story) ..	9
HE WROTE "RULE BRITANNIA" ..	11

Rubber-Stamping the Whales

WHEN the research ship *William Scoresby* put into Simons-town Docks recently visitors were shown the apparatus that "labels" whales. It is nothing less than a huge rubber stamp that is shot from a gun. The stamp has a serial number on it. If the marksman is lucky he is able to retrieve the stamp for re-use, but nine-tenths of them are lost.

The purpose of the stamping is to help experts in the study of the migration of whales. To date, the *William Scoresby* has "rubber stamped" about 4000 whales in the Antarctic.

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT—

A MAN motoring at Sidmouth, Devon, at 6.30 the other morning must have wondered whether he was fully awake when he saw a kangaroo hopping in the road. It was one of two wallabies which had escaped from a private local collection.

CINEMA SEATS OF SEAWEED

THERE are no cinemas on any of the 500 islands which dot the North of Scotland seaboard, nor in the remote hamlets and villages on the Northern mainland itself, so it is a great day when members of the Highland and Islands Film Guild make their appearance.

In crofting areas barns are cleaned up, and in fishing villages the fish stores are cleared and transformed into cinemas. Seating accommodation may be fishing creels or bags of grain, even piles of seaweed.

Down the glens and along the burns the children's playgrounds are deserted, for at "the pictures" can be seen such unfamiliar wonders as trains, trams, cars, telephones, and tall buildings. Films give all these people fascinating glimpses of the outside world.

This season the Guild has made a tour of 15,000 miles and shown 2500 films to some 170,000 people.

A Sculptor's Fees

AN interesting letter sold recently concerns the Monument, built by Wren to commemorate the Great Fire of London. It was written by the 17th-century sculptor Cains Gabriel Cibber, a Dane who settled in London and was the father of Colley Cibber, poet laureate.

In his letter Cibber recommends "the ablest founder" he knows, and gives the specification for certain features of the project "My prosalls—Ile undert to make a ball of copper 9 ft diameter with Ve flames for 300£. Ile make a Phoenix of Chest Copper for 600£. Ile make a Statue of 12 ft high cast in 3 pieces for 1000£."

ONE STING, AND THEN ONE BANG

A WASP that settled on a large balloon hanging from the ceiling of the village post-office at Nailstone, Leicestershire, and tried to sting it was killed when the balloon exploded.

Tasks Ahead For the United Nations

THE Fifth General Assembly of the United Nations due to meet at Lake Success, New York, on September 19, promises to be one of the most memorable in the short but eventful history of this Organisation.

We have now become used to the fact that in the three months of each year devoted by members of U.N. to discussing world affairs, millions of words are spoken and written with the object of settling hundreds of questions. Words will again be spoken this year, but for the first time in the long history of international organisations they will have as a background a truly inter-

national action for peace. The tremendous significance of this year is that the United Nations is actually waging a war to restore peace.

It is quite natural, therefore, that much of what will be said and decided in New York will depend on how the United Nations forces—at the moment the American and British troops—fare in Korea. And more than that. It may be that the fate of the United Nations itself will be decided by developments in the Far East.

Important as the Korean conflict is, it is not going to be the Assembly's only interest. A vast programme of work is waiting for delegates who have flocked to Lake Success from the farthest ends of the world. They will have to decide on the admission of new members, for instance. On this subject many a clash developed in the past as Russia and the Western Powers disagreed on who can and who cannot join.

The Chinese Question

The question of admission of representatives of the Chinese Communist Government to the United Nations and the removal of the Nationalist Government representatives (a question quite distinct from admission of new members) is also one which is likely to prove troublesome. And quite a heated discussion may be expected from such items on the agenda as the proposal to internationalise Jerusalem or the steps to be taken to assure the security of Greece.

But beyond these topical and often sensational subjects there wait fifty or sixty problems reflecting the workaday nature of U.N.'s job throughout the world. Delegates will have to review all that is being done on behalf of refugees in Europe and Asia, the administration of Trust territories in Africa, the economic development of backward territories, the work of social welfare service, a draft convention on freedom of information, and the development of full employment.

On this last subject a resolution to be discussed calls on Governments to publish annual statements of their economic aims for each ensuing year, together with their standards of full employment.

Special Problems

The United Nations has, of course, quite a few problems of its own: where to find a new General Secretary when the international statesman, Mr Trygve Lie, retires next year; how to assure special postal and telecommunication facilities for its widespread network of offices; how to compensate persons injured while in the service of the United Nations (an important matter now that the United Nations are waging a war). And finally a question by no means insignificant: where to find the large sums needed to run the organisation.

There can be no question that, despite all disappointments, the hope of mankind is still the United Nations.

How to Get Your C N

THE Editor regrets that owing to some trouble in production, now fortunately overcome, it has been necessary to amalgamate the issues of Children's Newspaper for September 9 and September 16; also that you may not be able to get your next C N (dated September 23) before Monday, September 25. So will you please keep in touch with your newsgang in case the C N can appear earlier?

It will ensure your receiving your copy regularly, and will help your newsgang greatly, if you give him a firm order to deliver your Children's Newspaper as it appears each week.

Will you please do this?

A LAST TRIBUTE TO JAN SMUTS

ONLY a few months ago the world was saluting Field-Marshal Smuts on his 80th birthday. Now the whole world is mourning his passing; the drums have been muffled and the flags lowered, for a great man has passed from our midst.

No man, friend or foe, ever denied the quality of greatness in Jan Christiaan Smuts. A patriot in the best sense of the word, he long ago saw, like Edith Cavell, that patriotism is not enough—that there are bigger loyalties. In his heart there was room for all mankind, and his most earnest strivings and noblest utterances had their mainspring in his broad humanity.

To him the whole free world looked for counsel, and when he spoke, with the wisdom of the years and the prestige of an elder statesman, the whole world paid heed.

All his days a doctory fighter in the cause of freedom, he lived to see many battles won. He also saw, only too well, that mankind had still to win its biggest battle—for peace and amity among the nations. But never did he despair, and let it be remembered that he was a visionary of a high order.

Jan Christiaan Smuts has passed on; but may his influence endure, and may those who saw this great South African as the exemplar among statesmen continue to guide mankind towards that fine destiny he foresaw.

FREAKISH WEATHER

THE weather has been up to some odd tricks in different parts of the world lately. In the Argentine, where it is still winter, the weather has been as hot as during mid-summer. In Buenos Aires the temperature was 86.2 degrees, the hottest for the time of year for 30 years.

In central France a hurricane, with gusts of 155 m.p.h., wrecked 20 aircraft, each weighing five tons, on the ground near Bourges, and tore a gap ten yards wide in a concrete wall.

Our gentler climate has not been free from weather oddities. A freak wind, after blowing down a cow, caused a waterspout on the River Trent, and also sucked up aloft branches of trees and chicken-houses.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

TRANSATLANTIC JEEP

An amphibious jeep has been driven across the Atlantic from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to the Azores in 31 days.

There is a shortage of sad- dlers in England, and young men who have completed their national service can apply for a six-month training course to the Rural Industries Bureau.

Holland will have television next spring. A transmitter with a radius of about 56 miles is being built in the middle of the country, and later two relay transmitters will cover the whole of Holland.

The Scout Gilt Cross has been awarded to Cubmaster William Evison, 25, of the 1st Marske-by-Sea Group, Yorkshire, for extinguishing flames by wrapping his coat round a man whose clothes had caught fire, thus saving him from very serious injury.

Talking Books

Research is going on into the possibility of producing magnetic records running for ten to fifteen hours, of complete books for the blind. Present disc records of "talking books" only run for about 25 minutes.

Belgium has opened the first regular helicopter postal service on the Continent.



Rufus, two-year-old Welsh Springer Spaniel, is a seasoned air-traveller, for he has over 150 hours flying time to his credit. Here he is in the cockpit with his master Captain Ireland, at Lea airport, Sandown, Isle of Wight.

The New Zealand Parliament has passed a Bill abolishing the Legislative Council on January 1, 1951. The Dominion will then have a single-chamber legislature for the first time, but a committee will be set up to consider alternative forms of a second chamber.

With two holiday rail tickets 15-year-old Peter Francis, of Thetford, Norfolk, travelled 2589 miles in a fortnight at a cost of 35s—six miles a penny.

TRAM TELEPHONE

A radio telephone service has been installed on trams travelling between Düsseldorf and Krefeld in Germany. This was the first tram line in the world to have dining cars.

Speedway star Ronnie Moore rides for Wimbledon, not New Cross, as was implied in the C N of August 26.

In July there were 29,893 road casualties, including 434 killed and 4932 severely injured.

Good Neighbours

After the earthquake disaster in the Indian State of Assam, the Government of Pakistan sent a gift of about 400 tons of rice for the relief of the stricken people.

Senior Scout Woon Kio, of the 1st Raub Troop, Malaya, has been awarded the Scout Silver Cross for saving his Scoutmaster from drowning in a mining pool.

COAL WHERE NEEDED

The discovery of coal at Nega-nega, in a copper-mining area of Northern Rhodesia, will be of great importance to the colony. Previously coal had to be brought 630 miles from the Wankie mines in Southern Rhodesia.

Thirteen-year-old David Wilson, a Patrol Leader of the 77th Newcastle Boy Scout Troop, has been awarded the White Cross of St Giles, the highest award of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals. He rescued a cat trapped on a railway bridge.

In 1948-9 it cost an average of £33 18s to maintain a pupil at a secondary school in England. In the L.C.C. area the average was £37 14s.

Two Italian girls recently travelled together on a miniature motor-cycle of about 1½ h.p. from Udine in Italy to London, a distance of over 700 miles. The motor-bike's power is about the same as that of a large lawnmower.

Scouting in Germany is now officially recognised; a federation of three separate Scout associations in Western Germany has been unanimously elected a member of the International Scout Conference.

Warming Up

A party of nine Royal Navy men who this year undertook survival tests in the Arctic, have gone to Singapore for tests of survival in tropical seas. They are to live on a moored float.

A party of 23 British school-boys returned home, not long ago, after travelling 21,000 miles through Africa. Some of them carried native shields and spears. One group had had the tyres of their car nibbled by lions while they stopped in a game reserve.

By swimming the length of Lake Windermere in seven and a half hours recently, Mr Edward May, aged 40, of Barrow-in-Furness, became the fourth man to accomplish the swim. The record, made in 1934 by Charles Daly, is six hours 22 minutes. The first woman to swim Windermere was 16-year-old Doris Fell, who recently completed the distance of 10½ miles in 10 hours 20 minutes.

Cambria and Hibernia, the two new 5000-ton Irish mail motor-ships on the service from Holyhead to Dun Laoghaire, are to be fitted with stabilisers to keep them on an even keel during rough weather. These consist of adjustable horizontal fins below the water-line.

Dried milk can now be made with a flavour practically indistinguishable from that of fresh milk. The off-flavour caused by the old methods was due to the action of air in the tin on the fat in the milk. It is overcome by replacing the air with an inert gas, such as nitrogen.

Round Australia on Horseback

TWO young Australians, 18-year-old Les Vincent and 21-year-old Len Stacey, set out from Melbourne recently with the intention of making a horseback trip round Australia—a distance of 12,000 miles.

They have three horses—Sorel, Battling Bertha, and Tootsie—which cost them £63, and their equipment cost £139. Together they have financed the trip and on leaving Melbourne had only £10 left; but they intend to find jobs to pay expenses as they go. In their journeyings they intend to call at Brisbane, Darwin, and Perth.

80,000 PLAYBILLS

A NEW gallery in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London shortly to be opened will display a wonderful theatre collection—London playbills, photographs of actors, press cuttings, programmes, and books. They are part of the huge collection which the late Mrs Gabrielle Enthoven, a well-known playwright, presented to the museum in 1924.

The whole collection—there are 80,000 playbills alone—is too large to be shown as a whole to the public, but the new gallery on the art of the theatre ensures a bigger display than ever before. Among the innumerable fascinating items is the first playbill of Henry Irving; it is dated August 1856, when he played Romeo at the Royalty in Soho.

Operation Haresleap

Continued from page 1

transmission cable, and gangs of men will spend the bitter winter ahead carrying this cable on pylons across 600 miles of frozen ground towards Hallsberg, working in temperatures of minus 40 degrees where the howl of the wolf mingles with the hum of the northern wind.

Sweden is very proud of Operation Haresleap. Before it is finished she will have spent £7,500,000 on the undertaking, and Swedish engineers will already be at work on a similar project.

"We want more and more electrical power for our industries," Eklof explains. "And when we've completed this job at Haresleap we'll start building another power station." He waved his hand towards the North. "Up there," he said, "way up there in the Arctic mountains."

TO SCHOOL BY "SPEEDBIRD SPECIAL"

To more than 500 British boys and girls the school journey has now become a never-to-be-forgotten experience. For it means another thrilling geography lesson with the colourful lands and bright blue waters of the East unfolded by a swift Argonaut airliner instead of an atlas.

The children—whose ages range from 7 to 17—are returning to England in mid-September after an eight-week holiday spent with their parents who live and work in the Far East.

In July, BOAC Argonauts flew them out to Australia, Singapore, Hong Kong, Tokyo,

India, and Pakistan. Though unaccompanied by parents or guardians, they were well looked after by BOAC stewards and stewardesses, who provided them with books and games to amuse them during their flight.

A typical traveller is 12-year-old John Berkshire, who is making the long return flight from Tokyo. His Argonaut will leave on Thursday, September 21, and calls at Hong Kong, Bangkok, Rangoon, Calcutta, Karachi, Basra, Cairo, and Rome. John will land at London Airport at 1.55 p.m. on the following Sunday, after completing an exciting all-round journey of 19,878 miles.

RAILWAY FAMILY

AN express-train driver on the London Midland region, Mr Robert Williams of Bangor, Carnarvonshire, has just retired.

He had served for fifty years and had two million miles of safe driving to his credit. His grandfather, father, three uncles, and seven brothers have also served the railways. Four of the brothers—two express drivers, a ganger, and a locomotive fitter—are still in the railway service at Bangor.

HIGH PIE

VILLAGERS at Galmpton, near Dartmoor (Devon), are planning to revive an old custom as part of their Festival of Britain programme. They will pool fat and sugar rations, "take 55 pounds of gooseberries," and make a pie two feet high!

NZ'S ONE-CHAMBER GOVERNMENT

THE Bill for the abolition of the Legislative Council (Second Chamber) of New Zealand has been passed, and the Parliament of New Zealand will consist, after January 1 next, of only one Chamber, the House of Representatives (similar to our House of Commons).

Proposals for a new body to take the place of the former Legislative Council will be put before the New Zealand electors at the next general election there.

ARNHEM MEMORY

A BEAUTIFULLY-DESIGNED font of Portland stone, and a communion table made from English oak, each surmounted with the coloured Pegasus crest of the First Airborne Division, have been flown from London to Arnhem in Holland.

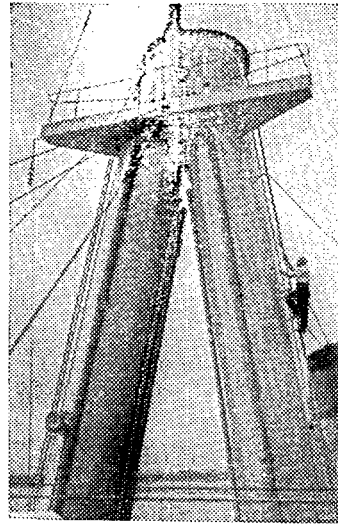
The font and table are gifts from friends of the Division to the reconstructed Oosterbeek Church which was severely damaged in the Battle of Arnhem.

Together with a fine pulpit given by the people of Boston in Lincolnshire, they are being dedicated at a special service on September 17, during the annual pilgrimage in memory of those heroes who gave their lives in the battle.

SNAPPY SNAPSHOTS

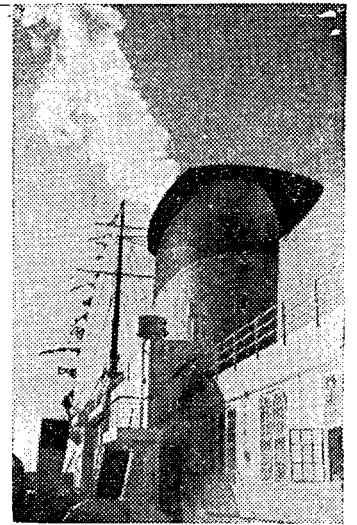
A most simple device for taking snapshots is now on the market in America. It is the "carton camera," which can be bought already loaded with a film and addressed for its return to the makers.

The pulling of a tab at the top of the carton brings out a view-finder, and an exposure is made by using a trigger in a slot at the side. After twelve exposures are made the carton is posted back to the makers, who return twelve photographic prints. The carton-camera is re-loaded by the makers to be sold again.



FASHIONS IN FUNNELS

The picture on the left shows the "bipod" forward funnel of the liner NEW AUSTRALIA, now making her maiden voyage as a migrant ship on the Australian run. It forms a pair of legs for the mast. The vessel was reconstructed from the burned-out hulk of the former MONARCH OF BERMUDA. On the right is an "inverted top-hat" funnel of the French 49,746-ton liner LIBERTE, formerly the German EUROPA. The brim is a device for deflecting smoke from the decks. It has cost about £7,000,000 to refit the ship for the trans-Atlantic service.



CHAMOIS GOING BLIND

A DISEASE has been spreading among the chamois of the Swiss Alps, causing blindness.

Usually the sight of the chamois is very keen, enabling him to carry out his amazing feats of mountaineering. A chamois will leap over wide chasms or balance on an almost pointed rock pinnacle with all four feet gathered under him. But, deprived of his sight, the poor creature is helpless among the precipices, and several have been found dead after falling from rocks.

The disease has been noticed among them for ten years and the bodies are being examined in the hope of finding a cure.

SANTA MARIA SAILS AGAIN

ONE of London's most famous weathervanes can again be seen. This is the lovely gilded copper model of the Santa Maria, the ship in which Columbus sailed to discover new lands.

The ship sailed proudly above Astor House overlooking the Victoria Embankment until 1944 when the building was damaged by a flying bomb.

Last year the work of restoring the building was begun, and now the Santa Maria, shining anew, is in service again over London.

THE ST BERNARDS OF CHARNWOOD

ST BERNARD DOGS, which have always been associated with the hospice in the Alps, have now appeared in another place where kindly monks care for them—the St Bernard Monastery in the Charnwood Forest in Leicestershire. These intelligent, docile dogs seem ideal companions.

At first there were only the adult St Bernards, Berno and Belle, at the monastery, but now there are also three puppies—as orange and white as their parents. The adult dogs will remain with the monks, but the puppies—Bernard, Jumbo, and Bernadette—will soon go to chosen homes outside.

The St Bernard family's diet consists of raw meat, milk from the monastery's own cows, and wholemeal bread. When the poultry on the farm are fed, the brethren are followed from pen to pen by parents and pups, all of whom take a benevolent, kindly interest in all that goes on.

LINK WITH TRADER HORN

GERRARDS, a famous firm of taxidermists and naturalists, are celebrating their centenary this year.

One of their best-known collectors was Trader Horn, the Scottish traveller, who wrote of the shop in Camden Town that it was a "veritable poets' corner for renegades of all kinds. Get your cheque plus some hearty entertainment, and off you go again to the ends of the Earth for a few novelties. Everything gigantic was an attraction there. They liked breaking records, whether in the size of a sea-lion, a prehistoric egg or the colour of a precious stone."

The firm prepared the 83-foot whale skeleton which hangs in the Natural History Museum, and mounted the panda Lien Ho.

FAITHFUL TO HIS POST

WEARING flowing white robes, sandals, and a large tarboosh type of headgear, a West African recently presented himself at a London Post Office at midnight for duty as Postman. As no-one recognised him, he was refused admission.

The chief inspector arriving early in the morning vouched for his identity as a temporary postman, and the man explained that he had been to an African social function and had not time to go home and put on his European suit and official arm badge.

While appreciating the West African's sense of duty, the chief inspector thought his attire a little too unconventional for a postman, and he was sent home to change.

JOY THROUGH FRIENDSHIP

"STRENGTH through Joy" was the name of the Nazi youth movement in pre-war Germany. "Joy through Friendship" might well be the name of an Anglo-American venture which takes place this month.

Each year since the war there have been exchanges of visits between groups of students from Oxford and Heidelberg Universities with the object of fostering mutual understanding and friendship. The meetings have been encouraged and arranged by the Student Christian Movement.

Nearly all students are short of money nowadays, so this year an experiment is being made. When the German students arrive in this country they

THE GOOD SHIP TESSA DAN

A NEW Danish cargo liner has been named after a little girl whose christening started a controversy in Denmark three years ago.

Her parents chose the Christian name of Tessa, but the registration authorities refused to accept it because such a name was quite unknown in the country.

Finally, after several months of argument, they agreed that Tessa should be allowed if a second Christian name were added. So the parents, Mr and Mrs Ottosen, named their daughter Tessa Merete. Her photograph now hangs in the saloon of the Tessa Dan.

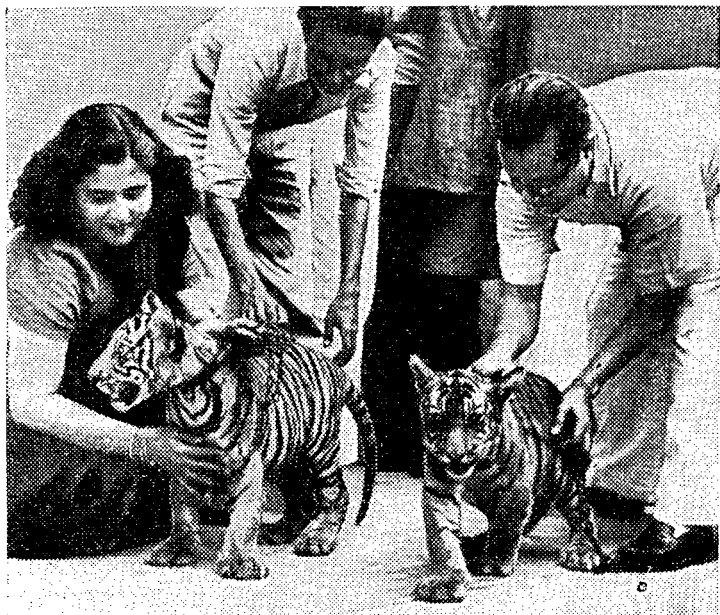
SCHOLARS' SHIPS

THE British Ship Adoption Society has reported that 11,000 ships have now been adopted by schools, and that on the average 500 letters are exchanged each week between schools and ships' crews. Only schools can adopt a ship, but as merchant vessels are regarded as most suitable and there are not enough of them to go round, more than fifty schools are now looking for a ship to adopt.

RAINING MONEY

PEOPLE at Hyères, near Toulon, must have thought their wildest dreams were coming true the other day when several 1000-franc notes came floating down from the skies.

But their dreams were short-lived. It appeared that a three-year-old boy, finding his grandfather's wallet, had thrown 75 notes out of the window.



Tigers in the Street

The two tiger cubs, on their way to an airport to be sent to London Zoo, receive much attention from passers-by in a Calcutta street.

4
ERIC GILLET ON THREE NEW FILMS WORTH SEEING . . .

Mountain, Forest, & Moon Adventure

THE WHITE TOWER, based on the novel by J. R. Ullman, is the best mountaineering film I have ever seen. The Technicolor is generally admirable. A first-class cast does justice to a thrilling story.

Carla Alten (Valli) is the daughter of a famous mountaineer who was killed near the summit of an Alpine peak, the "White Tower." It had been his lifelong ambition to reach the summit, and, after his death, his daughter returns to do so. She has the help of Benner (Oscar Homolka), a reliable guide. He tells her that they must make up a party of six, and they take Martin Ordway (Glenn Ford), an American pilot, Paul Delambre (Claud Rains), a wealthy Frenchman, Nicholas Radcliffe (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), a disillusioned doctor, and Siegfried Hein (Lloyd Bridges), an ex-Nazi.

The film is the story of their attempt to conquer the mountain. The direction, by Ted Tetzlaff, is worthy of the impressive theme. There are plenty of thrills and some tragedy. Only once or twice does the story flag, and even when it does the background is so beautiful that the attention is still held.



A scene from The White Tower

IF you have enjoyed previous cinema variations on the Robin Hood saga, I think you will like Columbia's new Technicolor, *Rogues of Sherwood Forest*.

Hollywood has its own ideas about English history, and so it is not surprising to find Robin, Earl of Huntingdon (John Derek)—Robin Hood's son—taking a big part in forcing the wicked King John to sign Magna Carta. Young Robin collects the principal members of his father's band, returns to Sherwood Forest, harasses the king's tax-collectors, releases his prisoners, helps the poor, and thoroughly enjoys himself. The heroine turns out to be the lady Marianne (Diana Lynn), the king's ward, who sends information about the king's doings to Robin by means of carrier pigeons, which he has thoughtfully sent her.

Everybody swings from branch to branch, shoots arrows as frequently as possible, and talks a great deal in a curious kind of old English, broken now and then by



Robin Hood and his merry men

a good, honest "I guess." It was good to see Alan Hale as Little John, and Friar Tuck (Billy House) setting about his adversaries with his quarter-staff. It is all straightforward, energetic nonsense, thoroughly amusing.

THE new Technicolor production, *Destination Moon*, of which we gave a glimpse in our last issue, may appeal to CN readers even more than *Rocketship X-M*, already reviewed. It was produced by George Pal, and directed by Irving Pichel, and there are signs that great care has been taken with technical details.

As the film opens, Dr Car-graves (Warner Anderson) and General Thayer (Tom Powers) await the firing of a giant rocket, "designed to go so high it would place a man-made satellite in space for ever." The rocket is fired in the Western Desert. It crashes, and two years later

Army Intelligence discovers that it has been sabotaged. In the meantime the General and Car-graves have obtained the help of Jim Barnes (John Archer), the biggest aeroplane manufacturer in the U.S. and eventually a rocket is made to transport four passengers to the Moon.

It takes only 46 hours to reach the Moon, where the Doctor takes possession in the name of the United States. He is able to broadcast to the Earth a brief description of the Moon's appearance, and soon the time comes for the return journey to be made. The four men are faced by an appalling problem. They have too much weight to break out of Moon gravity, but . . .

Destination Moon, much less horrifying than *Rocketship X-M*, goes with a swing and has its exciting moments. It made me feel that there is a great deal to be said for our own world.

Alien Flowers in Our Countryside

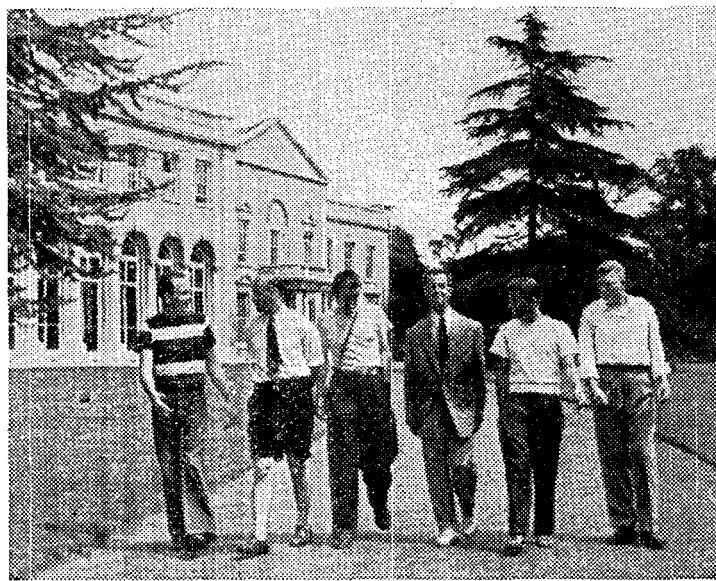
THE discovery of beautiful and unfamiliar flowers flourishing riotously in a bomb crater on a Surrey hillside has created quite a sensation. Botanists keep a watchful eye on the spot, and the children of Brockham, together with dozens of hikers, go regularly to see wild flowers of Greece, Hungary, France, Switzerland, Spain, and other European countries splashing the wooded hillside with colour.

How did these alien flowers come to be thriving in the English countryside? When they first appeared the villagers gave some of them English names, like toadflax and mallow, but others they cannot name. These are rare specimens, found only on the Continent.

During the war a bomb fell on the spot and left a 30-foot crater. At first it was thought that the flower seeds came in the explosive, but this theory has been ruled out. Then someone suggested that migrating birds might have been responsible; but this, too, is highly improbable, and scientists have come to the conclusion that some person unknown scattered the seeds.

It is a valuable and unusual collection, and just how long the flowers will grow there remains to be seen. English wild flowers are re-seeding in the crater, and will in time probably rout the strangers.

This is not the first time that strange flowers have been found in England. In North Kent, a species of wild campons unknown in this country has been discovered at Greenhithe; and wild orchids grow in abundance in the district of Swanscombe, particularly near water in the chalk workings, and efforts are being made to ensure the preservation of these rare blooms.



Craven Hill goes down to Whipsnade and finds . . .

NEW BABIES IN THE ZOO PARK

LONDON Zoo will have to look to its laurels. True, Brumas the young polar bear (soon to be separated from her mother, by the way) is still drawing big crowds. But she has some formidable rivals just now at Whipsnade, chief of which are Sambo, the baby Baringo giraffe, and Valli, the "pocket-sized" Indian elephant, who flew here two months ago from Ceylon.

Offspring of 16-foot Twiga and 15-foot Girle, little Sambo is growing so fast that he may soon be allowed out for runs in the paddock. Sambo's growth has indeed been remarkable. At his birth on May 20 he stood just over five feet high. Today, he is well over seven feet, and although fed mainly by his mother, he can eat small biscuits and nibble a little hay.

Girle and her baby are being kept in a special "nursery" at the giraffe house, but Twiga, who is still partitioned off, is able to reach his long neck well over the side, and is taking great interest in his fast-growing offspring.

So far, visitors have been able to see Sambo only through a side window, with a keeper present all the time to caution them against making too much noise. "This precaution is necessary because a baby giraffe takes fright very easily, and its long legs are very brittle," a Zoo official told me. "If Sambo got scared, there is always the danger that he might chase around and slip, with perhaps serious results."

One thing is certain: when the young giraffe—already allowed out into his forecourt occasionally when things are quiet—does go out into the paddock, he will be the zoo-park's most popular animal. He has an elegant bearing, an immaculately-groomed appearance, and large appealing eyes enhanced by long, thick "film-star" eyelashes.

SAMBO, however, will have a powerful rival for public favour in little Valli the elephant, already the darling of every child entering the park. Originally a "jungle pick-up," Valli is a gift from the Colombo Zoo and during her brief stay there quickly grew used to humans and how best to wheedle titbits out of them! The things she can do with her trunk are incredible, and visitors

who have food in their pockets have to be constantly on their guard, or Valli will take the edibles from them with the skill of an expert pickpocket.

Incidentally, little Valli has a journey in front of her. She is going to Dunstable, three miles away, to be weighed, as Whipsnade Zoo has no suitable scales for her. So her keeper, Mr L. Gladman, will one fine day take her in the Zoo van to the weigh-bridge at Dunstable Station.

On her arrival at Whipsnade Valli was thought to weigh about 300 pounds; but she has put on much weight since then, due no doubt to her appetite for milk, which is vast. She takes 2½ pints of goat's milk six times a day! In addition, she has numerous apples and lettuces.

NOR are Sambo and Valli getting things quite all their own way. Recently, another baby animal, a water-buffalo, was born in the zoo-park, and this infant, too, is getting a lot of admirers, though naturally visitors here have to keep their distance, the parent animals being dangerous.

Unusual features of this ménage is that the father buffalo, Sonny Boy, is allowed to stay in the paddock with his family. At Regent's Park male water-buffalo are invariably segregated from their new-born calves. Sonny Boy, however, is allowed to remain as he has fathered several other calves and has always shown himself to be an excellent parent. Far from worrying mother or baby, he protects both, and often drives off the turkeys, cranes, and muntjac which venture into the paddock.

After Many Years

A LETTER written by a Tasmanian soldier to his Mother and thrown in a bottle over the side of his troopship in 1915 has just been found near Bridport, in Northern Tasmania.

The writer, Mr Tom Harding, said in his message that he would probably be in the firing line by the time his mother received the message in the bottle. Mrs Harding died some years ago, but the bottle and the message have been returned to the soldier.

SUMMER UNIVERSITY

THE six young men in this picture (two Americans, two Danes, a Finn, and a Turk), were students at the International Summer University held at Roehampton, London. This was a four-week course organised by the National Union of Students and the United Nations Student Association, and was the first of its kind to be held in Britain.

The Summer University enables young people from different countries to study and discuss world problems, and it also enables visitors to study conditions in Britain. Lectures in English are given by specialists and, between lectures, the students play tennis, swim and stroll in the lovely grounds of the Froebel Educational Institute.

OTHER PEOPLE'S JOBS—Alan Ivimey goes to Britain's most-visited small town to look into the work of . . .

WHEN people travel abroad and tell you they liked, or did not like, such and such a country you'll find that a lot of them are judging the land they have visited by what happened to them in its hotels. For a hotel is the only home most of them ever know while on their travels.

Nowadays the newspapers talk about the hotel "industry," which

means that the number of visitors to this country, nowadays, is greater than ever before. And these good folk who have come—some of them thousands of miles—to see our Britain, will mostly judge it by a big list of little things. Things like the comfort of beds and whether the coffee is hot (and tastes like coffee), and a hundred other

details which, added together, make all the difference.

So it was with the idea of finding the manager of a hotel which would represent our own special tradition of the English Inn that I went down to Stratford-on-Avon and found the White Swan. Shakespeare's Stratford, in the Warwickshire meadows beside the Avon, is a small town but it attracts more visitors to the acre than any other town in the land.

So it happened that, one fine summer morning, I walked up to the gabled and half-timbered front of an old country town inn transformed into a modern hotel, and at the reception desk, between a typewriter and some 16th-century oak beams, met my hotel manager, Mr A. B. Muir. Two Americans were signing the hotel register while a Dutch lady sat waiting for a friend on an oak settle; and beyond, an international party of Danes, French, and, I think, Austrians, were having an international conversation in English, and certainly in the most English surroundings.

Mr Muir showed me everything, from the up-to-date kitchens full of apparatus for preparing food and washing dishes, to the black-beamed rooms which Shakespeare himself may easily have seen.

Four centuries or more ago, before it became an inn, this had been the house of some prosperous Stratford townsman, and some years back a fine wall painting showing the story of Tobit and the Angel was found behind some panelling, and is now restored to view. In one of the principal bedrooms Mr Muir showed me a peep-hole with tiny

THE HOTEL MANAGER



One minute before dinner. Everything is ready but it has taken quite a lot of work and planning



The foundation of hotel work is good cooking in a spotlessly clean and efficient kitchen



Mine Host of the White Swan comes out to greet some new arrivals



The reception office with staff and telephone switchboard is the Manager's headquarters. Mr Muir books in some American visitors



The Manager consults his quick-reference Booking Chart

Gothic tracery, which looked up the road towards the Forest of Arden.

Then I met the Housekeeper. Mr Muir explained something of the task of supervising 60 letting rooms with a bedroom staff of eight—not to mention looking after 800 pairs of sheets and over 300 blankets.

ALTOGETHER it takes 42 people to look after the White Swan, from a full-time decorator to the girl who concentrates on opening and answering inquiries for accommodation. She averages 60 letters a day for bookings which may be anything from two days to eight months ahead. Many, of course, are in connection with seats booked in London or elsewhere for the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.

Mr Muir showed me the quick-reference Booking Chart which he maintains with the aid of three receptionists. It is prepared each January for the next 12 months, with one large sheet

of squared paper for each month. By running an eye down this, one can see at a glance what rooms are available on any day of the forthcoming year. Bank Holidays or other special dates, such as a Royal Visit, are specially marked.

Mr Muir pointed out that the hotel manager has to be a business man as well as a diplomat and an expert caterer. He must deal with every kind of guest and also be a firm-minded and tactful "guy" to his staff. He must be able to go to market and advantageously buy his "perishables," such as meat, fruit, and vegetables. He must know how the machines in his kitchen work and the "how" and the "where" of every electric and water point in his premises in case of fire, frost, or failure of supply.

"A really big hotel will have a Maintenance Engineer and staff," he told me. "Here I am my own Maintenance Engineer and I have to control all repairs and redecorations and refurbishings."

As well as all this the manager must see his chef daily, and arrange the bill of fare so that, according to what is in season and available, his guests can have the greatest possible variety with the least possible wastage. He must not only please his guests, remember, but also run his business at a profit. Otherwise there would soon be no business to run.

To do all this he needs a long apprenticeship, and there is now the Hotel and Catering Institute which decides by examination

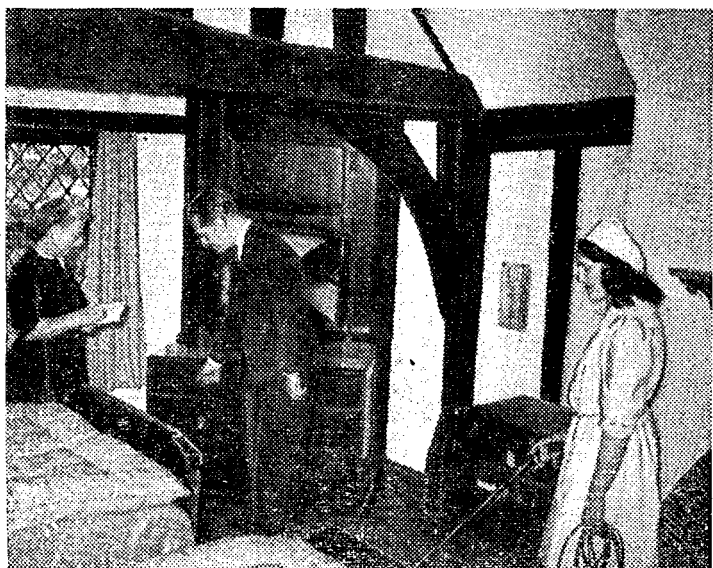
that he has the necessary professional qualifications to fill his position. By this means the status of the hotel manager will steadily improve.

Mr Muir works for a company which regards professional training in the kitchen as the most important qualification for hotel management. He told me he started learning his job from the bottom, in the kitchens of a big restaurant in Newcastle. Here he learned not only cooking under the various chefs but, how the internal control of a big kitchen is carried out, with all its accurate accounting.

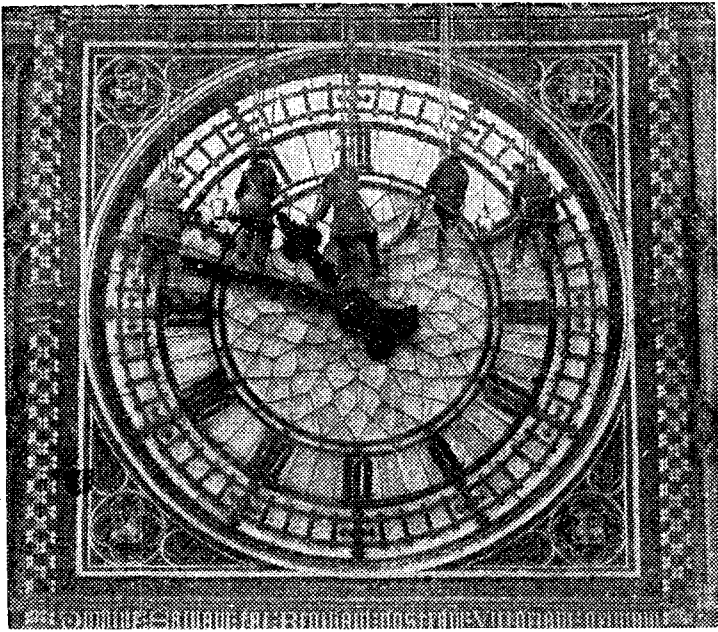
At the age of 25 he was managing a restaurant, and during the war he ran 16 big works canteens. And besides this he has been a waiter in a big London restaurant and managed outside catering for weddings, agricultural shows, and so on. A long and hard-working experience, but full of variety and interest.

I should add that while he was telling me all this he was answering various queries, personally or by telephone, and once had to leave me to interview a prospective new waiter.

By the end of the day I should have been feeling pretty tired if I'd had to do so many different things so briskly as he did them. But he never varied the calm, quick, and friendly manner to all and sundry. And at the end of the visit I couldn't help feeling that here, at least, the Welcome to Britain (and Stratford) which visitors both from at home and abroad rightly expect, was in remarkably good hands.



Inspecting a bedroom with the housekeeper. "This drawer needs easing"



Time On Their Hands

Five men face-up to a big job as they clean one of the four dials of Big Ben's famous clock. We may be sure that they know when dinner-time comes round!

Flooding Out the Ghosts of the Glen

Scorr's weird "Ladies of the Glen," described in his early poem, *Glenfinlas*, may be finally drowned—unless they escape on the midnight wind, for it is proposed that their haunt, wild Glen Finglass, near Loch Katrine in the Highlands, should be turned into a lake to supply modern Glasgow with water.

This beautiful valley, once a deer forest of Scottish kings, would be blocked at its lower end, imprisoning the River Turk, and would be a stretch of water to be carried through a tunnel for two and a half miles under the mountains to the Glasgow water-works at Loch Katrine.

Scott's ballad, *Glenfinlas*, or *Lord Ronald's Coronach* tells of two Highland chieftains who went hunting in Glen Finglass. In the evening they withdrew to a hut "In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook." There Lord Ronald spoke of two beautiful maidens who hunted the deer in these woods, with one of whom he was in love, but was prevented by her watchful elder sister from declaring his love to her. In spite of the warnings of his companion, the Chieftain of Moy, who was a seer and could see "The corpse-lights dance" for him, Ronald went out alone to find the maidens.

Soon his hounds came back without him, and

*They howled in melancholy sound,
Then closely couched beside the Seer.*

Then the seer's harp on the wall begins to play, with no one touching it, and there enters

*An huntress maid in beauty bright
All dripping wet her robes of green.*

This apparent maiden in distress asks Moy to come and help her find Ronald and her sister

*"Whom loitering the woods, I lost;
Alone, I dare not venture there,
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost."*

But Moy is not deceived by a ghost who says she is afraid of ghosts. He asks her first to pray with him. This she scornfully refuses, so he prays himself, whereat she becomes as tall as the roof of the hut.

*Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell away she flew.*

Soon afterwards, to Moy's horror, the blood, severed arm, and head of Lord Ronald fall into the fire in the hut. And ever after that:

*E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.*

The Glasgow Corporation, nevertheless, are undeterred in their intention to flood the haunt of these unpleasant ghosts:

RECORDING BRITISH ARCHITECTURE

THE work of the National Buildings Record is now in its tenth year, and over 400,000 photographs and drawings have been collected.

This vast project was started during the war, when it was realised that bombs would destroy many ancient and historic buildings of which no adequate pictorial record existed. The Record began its work with over 100,000 photographs collected by Lord Conway, and photographers and artists were hurriedly put to work, concentrating first of all on the dis-

tricts where damage was likely to be heaviest.

Teams of experts now travel up and down the country to decide what is worthy of inclusion, and before any ancient building is demolished the National Buildings Record is informed in order that its files may be completed.

The National Buildings Record is unlikely to be finished before 1990, but by that time probably two million photographs will be in the files—a complete picture of a thousand years of building in this country.

He Gave Us Opera in English

SEPTEMBER 11 was an important date for British music-lovers; it was the 75th anniversary of the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

Carl Rosa, the founder of the Company, adventurously set out to produce the great operas translated into English, and also to encourage the writing of operas by British composers. The first performance of his company in 1875 was at the old Princess Theatre, in London, and the opera was Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*. Later in the season he put on, for the first time in this country, Cherubini's *The Water Carrier* which, in this 1950 season, has been put back in the Company's repertoire.

Carl Rosa was born in Hamburg in 1843, and his real name was Carl August Nicholas Rose. He changed the spelling of it to Rosa when he founded his English Company which, by touring the provinces, was to bring opera to the British people. He was himself a talented violinist and conductor, and first played the violin in public when he was seven.

In the London of the '70s operas were sung in the language in which they were written, and the new venture of opera in English was not at first liked by the fashionable world. A critic in 1878 wrote that when the Company produced Nicolai's *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in London many of the audience talked incessantly through the performance—raising their voices "almost to a scream" during the crescendo passages.

A Great Success

Nevertheless, Carl Rosa's venture was a great success, particularly in the provinces.

Carl Rosa encouraged British composers to write operas by giving them commissions for such works, and in 1883 he produced his first work by a British composer, *Esmeralda*, by Arthur Goring Thomas. Many others followed. He also endowed the Parepa-Rosa Scholarship for women vocalists at the Royal Academy of Music, in memory of his wife, Madame Parepa, a famous singer.

Carl Rosa died in 1889, but his good work has been carried on by his Company ever since.

Golfer's Daughter



Thirteen-year-old Dolores Winson, daughter of the Ruislip Golf Club professional, drives off No 1 during a junior golf meeting.

The Editor's Table

PARLIAMENT IS BACK AGAIN

PARLIAMENT is the mouthpiece of the British people. That is why we welcomed its re-assembly on September 12, earlier than was planned.

In these anxious days Parliament is naturally a focal point of interest. There the elected rulers of the people are assembled. Without Parliament in session there is a gap in our national life.

Parliament has returned at a time when danger threatens the peace of the world and must be faced in bold strength by the United Nations if free nations are to live. And its words and resolutions will bring moral support and practical help to the United Nations.

Parliament is not only a mouthpiece of the British people; it is a rallying-point for their spirit and resolve. At every critical moment in our history the people have turned to Parliament for a lead, and MPs are back in Westminster knowing full well that in a great cause any demands they may have to make on the resources of the British people will be met with courage and fortitude.

THE INDIAN ARMY'S THANKS

ONE of the greatest triumphs of British democracy was the peaceful handing over of power in India, and it is therefore pleasant to read a letter from the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army to Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, in which General Cariappa pays tribute to the officers and other ranks who, in the past, helped to build up the Indian Army.

"We know that the foundations of our Army were truly and well laid by the blood and sweat of you all and of all those gallant officers who have gone before you," writes General Cariappa, and he adds, "I hope we will have the pleasure of seeing as many of you as possible here to visit your old units and formations . . . we want you to come and see us . . . as of old."

BARGAIN OFFER FROM THE ROYAL MINT

THE Royal Mint is to offer souvenir sets of 1950 coins, specially struck, at 12s 6d. The coins will have a nominal value of 7s 4½d.

Each set will have two one-shilling pieces—the English and Scottish designs. The pennies and threepenny-pieces will be the only 1950 minting of these coins because the country has ample stocks.

On the face of it this does not seem to be much of a bargain, but collectors will be eager to acquire sets of the coins, and in due course they are certain to increase in value.

Pennies From Pockets

THE other day the Revd Hubert Goddard was clearing weeds round St Michael's Church, Prestbury, Cheltenham, when he found two shillings in pennies and halfpennies. Soon he had thirty children helping him, and altogether they unearthed 35 shillingworth of coppers.

It is thought that for many years the land was a playground and that the money must have fallen out of children's pockets. If so, pocket money lost by children in the past has been found by another generation. But it was, alas! worth a great deal more to the losers than to the finders.

BETTER STANDARDS

OLD-TIME lamp-posts were seldom things of beauty; but tastes have changed, and the Ministry of Transport now wisely insist that the fittings for lighting on our roads shall be dignified and in keeping with their surroundings.

There could never be a lamp-post to please everybody, but it



Hanging flower-baskets brighten Bedford's lamp-posts.

is good to know that those in authority are taking trouble about them. The idea that useful things need not be attractive to the eye was long ago dispelled.

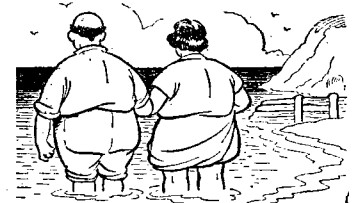
Under the E

SOME worms can stretch themselves a foot. But have no leg to put it on.

MEN and women are getting taller. Want to attain the height of fashion.

SOME women lose their heads when they go to sales. Awkward if they want to buy a hat.

PEOPLE are becoming more fruit conscious, says a gardener. But some of them only get the pip.



FAT people like to spend leisurely holidays. Take their time and look round.

THINGS SAID

THERE is an increasing danger that athletics may become the highly-skilled performance on the part of the few for the recreation of a vast multitude who have never themselves played any games.

Archbishop of York

It is to protect the tender flame of freedom's holy light that we are united; it is to pass it on burning brightly to generations unborn that we must remain united.

The American Ambassador

HUGE armies, navies, and air forces are as great an anomaly in a civilised world as atomic weapons.

Archbishop of Canterbury

THE struggle in which the United Nations are engaged is not only one of armaments. The real clash is one of faiths.

Anthony Eden, M P

So Much From So Little

MEMBERS of the Rotary Movement at Bristol feel, quite rightly, that friendship between children of different countries is just as important as it is between grown-ups; and so for the Festival of Britain next year they are inviting 40 children from the Continent to stay for a fortnight at Cowley Manor, near Cheltenham.

When the cost was discussed it was thought that the fare should be the children's only expense; and they all agreed. One member of the group pointed out that the cost of providing hospitality could be met if only each one of them were to give up one and a half cigarettes a day between now and next summer.

JUST AN IDEA

As Johann Lavater wrote, *He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.*

Editor's Table

PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

If football crowds get a kick out of the game



A GOLFER has trained his dog to get a ball out of a hole. And it gets him out of a hole.

□

BOYS like to get brown at the seaside. Although they don't want a tanning.

□

FOREIGN tourists do not understand our tipping system. Would like someone to give them the tip.

□

CHILDREN at White Waltham were flown at 10,000 feet to be freed of whooping cough. Highway recovery.

Ee Aye, Ee Aye O

"THAT'S Macdonald's bus," I heard a little boy call to his companions as I walked along a street in the south side of Edinburgh (writes a C N correspondent). With some curiosity I looked at the bus at which the boy was pointing, but could see nothing remarkable about it. It seemed to me that it was quite an ordinary Scottish Motor Traction bus.

Then the bus started to draw away from the stop and the youngsters gathered round burst enthusiastically into song:

*Old Macdonald had a farm,
Ee aye, ee aye o!"*

Just as the bus drew level with me I suddenly realised the reason for this strange behaviour and chuckled for the bus bore the registration letters EIO.

CHANGING SCHOOLS

THE majority of parents are content for their children to go to the school provided in their district, but sometimes parents wish to send their children to another school. This may be for religious reasons or because their children could study some particular subject better at another school, or some other reason.

The recently-issued Ministry of Education *Manual of Guidance, Schools No 1* (Stationery Office, 3d) discusses the subject.

The main problem is the expense of travel, if the parent is unwilling to meet this. The Manual states that local authorities cannot pay for journeys exceeding six miles for primary and all-age schools and ten miles for secondary modern schools, or for door-to-door journeys of more than three-quarters of an hour for primary schoolchildren, and one and a quarter hours for secondary pupils. For other types of schools the journeys would be considered on their merits.

MAGIC OF THE WIND

THE Wind, the wandering Wind

Of the golden summer eves—
Whence is the thrilling magic
Of its tones amongst the leaves?
Oh! is it from the waters,
Or from the long, tall grass?
Or is it from the hollow rocks
Through which its breathings
pass?

Or is it from the voices
Of all in one combined
That it wins the tone of mastery?
The Wind, the wandering Wind!
No, no! the strange, sweet accents

That with it come and go,
They are not from the osiers,
Nor the fir trees whispering low.

They are not of the waters,
Nor of the caverned hill;
Tis the human love within us
That gives them power to thrill:
They touch the links of memory
Around our spirits twined,
And we start, and weep, and tremble,

To the Wind, the wandering,
Wind! *Felicia Hemans*



In the Swing

Swinging the prop of this plane is Pat Jeffries of Manchester. With four other Women's Junior Air Corps girls who have qualified as pilots, Pat has been spending a flying holiday at Redhill, Surrey.

COMING INVASION OF LONDON

IT has been estimated that at least 700,000 foreign visitors will come to Britain for the Festival next year. It is likely that during the summer in London something like 100,000 extra people will be requiring beds every night—and London's hotels, at present, have but 33,228 bedrooms.

To help "bed down" the visitors, Londoners have been asked to volunteer to receive them in their homes and, since June, over 830 householders have offered accommodation. Some of those who have volunteered live in barges, houseboats, and caravans.

A 40-acre camp site at Chigwell is to be used for young visitors to the Festival, and several other camping grounds round London are being prepared.

World's Richest Oilfield

THE most productive oilfield in the world, only discovered in 1941, is the Saudi Arabian oilfield of Abqaiq which, according to the *US Oil and Gas Journal*, has a current production of oil at the rate of 22 million metric tons a year, compared with 14 million metric tons a year from the East Texas field, which could long claim to be the world's biggest producer.

Abqaiq's present output is coming from only 45 wells in a field which is 30 miles long and has an average width of three miles.

MILAN OPERA IN LONDON

OPERA is an important part of the life of Italy, as many of our soldiers learned during the war. Every big town has its opera house with its opera company, the most celebrated being La Scala, Milan, which has been playing at the Edinburgh Festival under its conductor Victor de Sabata.

Now the whole Milan opera company is in London—the chorus of 185 and the orchestra of over 100. The operas to be performed (at Covent Garden) are Verdi's *Otello* and *Falstaff*, and Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*. There are also to be concert performances of Verdi's *Requiem* and Monteverdi's *Magnificat*.

Little Princess Elizabeth of Long Ago

SEPTEMBER 8 was the 300th anniversary of the death of Charles the First's daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, one of the best-loved of all the unhappy Stuarts, and one of the saddest figures in our royal annals.

Princess Elizabeth, born at St James's Palace in 1635, was Charles the First's second daughter; and her troubles began when she was only seven, when her father had set up his standard at Nottingham and her mother had fled to Holland.

For five years Elizabeth never saw her father, and spent her time in studying languages, including Greek and Hebrew, with a view to a better understanding of the Bible, which was her constant companion. When she was ten she and her brother Henry were placed under the care of the Earl of Northumberland at Syon House, Isleworth, where her elder brother James was sent to join her on the surrender of Charles Stuart in 1646. The proud Elizabeth did not like it, and told James that if she were a boy she would not long remain a captive, however light or glittering might be her fetters.

The Last Meeting

In July 1647 she was allowed to meet her father at the Greyhound, Maidenhead, and then at Caversham House. Following this, there were several meetings at Hampton Court, and the final meeting at St James's Palace on the evening before the king's execution is described in the princess's own account. Her father said, "Sweet heart, you'll forget this." "No," she replied, "I shall never forget it while I live." Charles then turned to his little son Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and asked him not to let himself be made a puppet king above his elder brothers. "I'll be torn in pieces first," answered the prince.

The king told his children to be kind to their mother and brothers, and to forgive his enemies. Those were his last words to them.

Following the execution, the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester went to Penshurst, Kent, and were put under the care of the Countess of Leicester, who treated them kindly. But the princess continued to grieve for her father.

When their brother Charles landed in Scotland in 1650, however, Parliament ordered the

royal children to be removed to Carisbrooke Castle on the Isle of Wight.

It was a terrible decision, and Princess Elizabeth was appalled at being taken to the very place where her father had been imprisoned not long before his end.

But her own end was not far off. Within a few days of the children's arrival in the Isle of Wight Elizabeth caught a chill through being caught in a sudden storm while on the bowling greens where Charles had played; and before her doctor could be called she had passed away. She was only 14, and though she had always been delicate there is little doubt that grief had weakened her and that she really died of a broken heart.

Princess Elizabeth was buried near the altar in the Church of St Thomas of Canterbury, at Newport, Isle of Wight, and the letters ES were cut on the wall. Those initials were the little princess's only memorial until 1856, when a marble sculpture by Marochetti was set up in the church by Queen Victoria's command; it shows her a simple but beautiful figure beneath a symbolic canopy of broken prison bars.

BEST BOWLER

AN offer made by John Wisden and Co to present an annual prize to the boy at Harrow School with the best bowling analysis for the season has been accepted by Dr R. W. Moore, the headmaster.

The prize is a bat and ball and the offer has been made to mark the centenary of the firm, and the fact that John Wisden, its founder, whose record of ten wickets in a single innings at Lord's, all bowled, is still unequalled in first-class cricket, was for several years bowling coach at Harrow.



OUR HOMELAND

A weekend scene on the Thames at Sandford Lock, Oxfordshire

TO PROTECT CHILD ACTORS

Boy and girl film actors of any age will in future be allowed to perform professionally if the proposals of a recent Home Office Committee are adopted by the Government. But there will be many rules to be strictly observed by those who employ these and other children entertainers.

There is, indeed, disturbing evidence that children are sometimes exploited in the entertainment industry, and their education interrupted.

The Committee in their Report (Stationery Office, 3s) suggest that a licence should be taken out for each performer under 16 in a film, stage play, ballet, television production, or any other form of professional entertainment.

The continued absence of children from school to take part in a production would only be permitted when a private teacher was provided by their employer, and it is also recommended that a matron should always be in charge of licensed children.

Working and Learning

In no case would children appear in more than eight stage performances a week.

School-age children making films would not be employed more than five days a week, and in term-time they would have to receive at least three hours' education a day from the private teacher. The aim is that no child should take a leading part in more than one film a year.

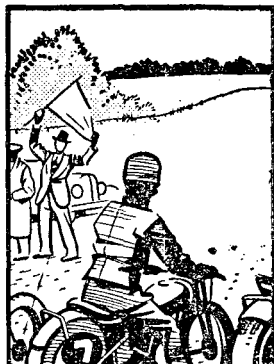
It is also recommended that touring by troupes of children should cease, and that the minimum age limit for such performers should be raised to 13. There would have to be medical examinations and safeguards against possible harmful effects to the young people's eyesight in films and television.

This proposed code should form a basis on which future laws governing the employment of young actors can be developed to their advantage.

Steps to Sporting Fame



Among the younger speedway riders who have come to the front rank since the war is Cyril Roger of New Cross who was born at Ashford, Kent.



Cyril made a reputation on grass tracks and served as a dispatch rider with the RAF. He asked for a speedway trial with New Cross in 1946 and did well enough to be offered an engagement.



Early failures disappointed him, and he was loaned to Exeter to gain experience. He was an instant success, scoring more League points in 1947 than any other Third Division rider. In 1948 he was recalled.

Cyril Roger



Cyril's successor as captain of Exeter was his brother, Bert, also on loan from New Cross. Like Cyril, Bert was soon recalled to New Cross, and the brothers are now outstanding members of the London team.

WHAT CHILDREN USED TO READ

AN Exhibition of children's books published between 1704 and 1898 was recently shown in London by the British Council before being sent on tour in Spain and other countries.

Books for children, other than school books and those for religious instruction, date from the middle of the 18th century.

The first real children's book, in our sense of the term, was published by John Newbery in 1744 and was called: *A Pretty Pocket Book, intended for the Instruction and Amusement of Little Master Tommy and Pretty Miss Polly, with an agreeable letter to read from Jack the Giant Killer.*

British love of animals comes out early in a book *Fabulous Histories; or The History of the Robins*, "Designed for the instruction of children respecting their treatment of animals," by Mrs Trimmer, first published in 1786.

"Nonsense" Like Cinderella

But whatever her love of animals, Mrs Trimmer had dour ideas about children's books, strongly disapproving the nonsense contained in fairy stories like *Cinderella* or in stories like *Robinson Crusoe* which, she thought "was likely to induce an early taste for a rambling life, and a desire for adventures."

An interesting book in the Exhibition is *Cinderella and The Glass Slipper*, re-written and illustrated by George Cruikshank, the famous Victorian artist, who brought temperance teaching into his fairy stories. Thus, in *Cinderella*, when the king orders fountains of wine, the fairy godmother gives an address on intoxicating liquors, at which the king forbids them throughout his dominions.

Most of these old children's books are unknown to us, but some have passed down, ever-loved and ever green, from one generation to another.

Rosh-ha-Shanah is Their New Year's Day

ON Tuesday, September 12, Jews throughout the world celebrated their New Year's Day—or Rosh ha-Shanah, as they call it. For, according to the Jewish calendar, this was the first day of the month Tishri, the tenth month, and, to all Jews, New Year's Day.

It should be explained that there are two years in the Jewish calendar, one the sacred or ecclesiastical year which begins in the spring, the other the civil year beginning on the first day of the month Tishri, or September 12 in our own calendar. And as the Jewish calendar reckons

downwards from Creation, the New Year becomes the year 5711.

As from time almost immemorial, it was proclaimed by the blowing of the "shofar" in the synagogue. The "shofar" which is a kind of horn instrument, and is, next to the reed, the oldest surviving form of wind instrument.

There was also the special New Year's feast with the table laden with grapes, other fruit, and honey. After the Benediction, the bread was dipped in honey. This was followed by another Benediction recited by all around the table. "May it please the Lord our God, and the God of our fathers to renew for us a good and sweet year."

The feast is looked upon as a good omen, that as they enjoy freely the fruits of the earth, so they have every faith that God will answer their prayers and provide for them during the ensuing year out of His unfailing goodness. At one time, the head of a calf or a deer was served at the feast. And the consumer, it was believed, would be "ahead" and not backward in all his doings during the year.

Probably it was this idea of a good omen that introduced in the Middle Ages the custom of greeting one another on New Year's Day with the lovely words: "Mayest thou be inscribed for a good year." The reference was to the book of life of the righteous, and nothing could be more auspicious than to have one's name inscribed therein for a good year.

Rosh-ha-Shanah is the most solemn day of the year, next to Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, which falls on September 22, and in these modern times the celebrations last two days.

Timbo is a Boon

A NEW insect-killer discovered by Brazilian scientists is proving remarkably successful. It is a substance prepared from a vine called Timbo.

Brazil suffers terribly from insect pests, and anything which helps to fight the scourge is of great importance to her people. Unlike some mineral insecticides, Timbo is not dangerous to human beings or animals.

New Members

GERMANY and Japan will probably take part in the 1952 Olympic Games at Helsinki.

They have just been admitted to the International Amateur Federation, which also entitles them to compete in the European championships.

Ethiopia, Fiji, Honduras, and San Marino are also admitted, while the Saar and Trieste were made provisional members.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN—Picture Version of Browning's Famous Poem (First Instalment)

Hameln, or Hamelin, is a pleasant old town in Prussia that has long preserved a legend about a mysterious rat-

catcher who rid the place of a terrible plague of rats about the year 1376. Browning based his poem on the

legend and he begins by describing the devastation of the hordes of rats that overran this old city on the Weser.



Rats! They fought the dogs, and killed the cats, And bit the babies in the cradles, And ate the cheeses out of the vats, And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles, Split open the kegs of salted sprats, Made nests inside men's Sunday hats, And even spoiled the women's chats, By drowning their speaking, With shrieking and squeaking, In fifty different sharps and flats. At last the people in a body, To the town hall came flocking.



"Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddie; And as for our Corporation—shocking. To think we buy gowns lined with ermine For folks that can't or won't determine What's best to rid us of our vermin! Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking To find the remedy we're lacking, Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!" At this the Mayor and Corporation Quaked with a might consternation. At length the Mayor broke silence.



"It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—I'm sure my poor head aches again." Just as he said this, what should hap At the chamber door but a gentle tap? Come in! the Mayor cried, looking bigger; And in did come the strangest figure! His queer long coat from heel to head Was half of yellow and half of red; And he himself was tall and thin, With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin, And light loose hair yet swarthy skin.



He advanced to the council-table: And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm able, By means of a secret charm to draw, All creatures living beneath the sun, That creep or swim or fly or run, After me so as you never saw! And I chiefly use my charm On creatures that do people harm. If I can rid your town of rats Will you give me a thousand guilders?" "One? Fifty thousand!" was the exclamation Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Do not miss next week's instalment, in which the Pied Piper rids Hamelin of its rats

Another complete new story of Morgan of the Mounties THE MISSING MOUNTIE by Frank S. Pepper



"TAKE it easy, Sergeant," begged Corporal Tim Morgan, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. "It'll do no good to lose your temper." Sergeant Harding made a ball of the newspaper he had been reading and flung it into the wastepaper-basket.

"Isn't our job hard enough without people like this man Webley making it worse?" he thundered. "I suppose he was hard-up for something to fill his column, so he thought it would be a good idea to take a crack at the Mounties. I wouldn't complain if he knew what he was writing about, but he obviously knows nothing about the Mounties or the difficulties we are up against, otherwise he wouldn't have written that drivel. Unfortunately, the people who read the rubbish know no more than he does and will lap up every word."

Tim gave a good-natured shrug. "There are lots of people who love to read a bit of scandal," he pointed out. "Besides, criticism is good for us. It keeps us on our toes."

HOWARD WEBLEY had won a reputation for himself by writing a ferocious newspaper column. He toured the country seeking fresh subjects. In turn he lashed the people who ran the hospitals, the schools, the airlines. Each week his readers turned to his column to see what fresh scandal he was exposing.

A series of daring exploits by an impostor who had cheated people by passing himself off as a Mountie had given Webley the opportunity of attacking what he termed the slackness and inefficiency in the RCMP which allowed the public to be duped by such a masquerade. In thundering phrases he called for the arrest of the impostor and a thorough investigation into the organisation of the Mounties.

"Webley?" mused Tim. "I did my training with a chap called Webley—Jack Webley. Remember old Jack?"

"Jim," corrected the sergeant with a grunt. "Jim Webley."

"Was his name Jim? I could have sworn his name was Jack," declared Tim, buckling on his belt. "Well, I must be getting back to Hemlock Valley, Sarge; mustn't neglect my duties or Mr Howard Webley will be finding something else to complain about."

Sergeant Harding stabbed a warning finger at Tim.

"That reminds me," he said. "Webley has moved into your district for a vacation. He's taken that hunting cabin up at Little Moose Lake."

"Thanks for the tip," smiled Corporal Tim. "I'll make it my business to call on him, just to let him know that I'm not neglecting my job. He may like to hear our latest piece of news."

CORPORAL TIM left the Mountie headquarters and drove away in his car. It had begun to grow

dark before he reached his area in Hemlock Valley. He had several miles still to go when lighted cabin windows in the distance reminded him of the sergeant's words.

Tim turned the car from the main road and drove up to the cabin. When he knocked the door was opened by a lean, solemn man with the air of a valet who would have been more at home in the city than in a hunting cabin.

"I'm Corporal Morgan, from the Hemlock Valley post," said Tim.

A voice from within the cabin called out.

"Who is it, Austin?"

"A policeman, Mr Webley," said the man at the door, turning his head to answer the question.

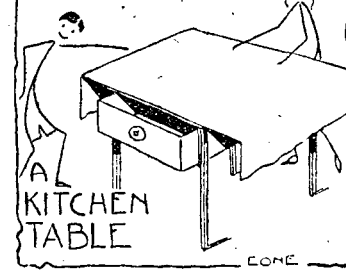
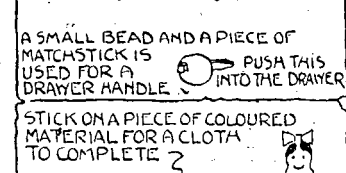
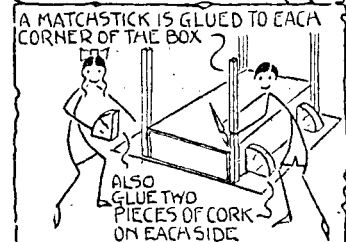
"What does he want? Bring him in."

THE servant led Tim into the cabin and then disappeared into an adjoining room.

Howard Webley was a portly, self-important man. He was sitting at a writing desk.

"Good evening," smiled Tim. "This is just a routine call. The

Another toy from the . . . INDUSTRIOUS IMPS



cabin is empty most of the year, so seeing your lights I came up to make sure that everything was all right."

"I'm glad to find our local policeman so conscientious," observed Webley with a touch of sarcasm. "But perhaps you hoped to find the impostor who has been posing as a Mountie hiding up here? I'm sorry to disappoint you. My name is Webley. I have taken the cabin for a few weeks while I do some writing."

Tim had been glancing round. He noticed a good deal of money on the desk.

"Aren't you a little unwise leaving so much money lying loose?" he asked. "It's very lonely here, you know. While I'm on the premises I'll have a look at your door and window fastenings, if I may have your permission."

Webley wasn't impressed by Tim's efficiency. He smiled coldly. There was a hint of suspicion in his eye.

"Austin and I are well able to look after ourselves," he declared. "Tell me, Corporal, have you been in the valley long?"

"About two years," said Tim.

"That's interesting. I have a brother in the Mounties. Perhaps you know him. When did you complete your training?"

"June '48," said Tim.

"Then you must have been in the same class!" cried Webley, and went to the desk. "See, here is a snapshot of the whole class, taken immediately after the Passing Out parade. There's my brother, in the middle of the front row."

TIM gasped a little, then grinned, as he handled the snapshot.

"Why, yes, good old Jim Webley!" he declared.

Webley gave him a shrewd glance.

"His name is Jack," he corrected.

"Jack? Why, of course. How stupid of me. What made me call him Jim? Why, I know. I was arguing with the sergeant about him only this evening," chuckled Tim.

"A remarkable coincidence," granted Webley.

He looked hard at Tim, then at the photograph, then at Tim again. There was an odd expression on his face.

"Sit down, Corporal. I'm sure you could do with some coffee. I'll tell Austin to get some," he said.

His almost furtive manner as he went out roused Tim's curiosity and prompted him to tiptoe to the door and listen. He almost burst out laughing when he heard Webley whispering to his servant.

"Get police headquarters on the phone. Tell them we've caught the impostor. This man is a fake," he was saying.

"How can you be sure, sir?"

"Because I'm a better detective than these blundering Mounties!" boasted Webley. "In the first place, he made a mistake over Jack's name, then blunderingly covered it up. But secondly, and more important, although he says he was in Jack's class, he isn't in the photograph!"

"Perhaps he was absent, or on leave or something that day, sir?"

"On the day of the Passing Out parade? Don't be a fool, Austin! Of course he's a fake, but it took a smart man like me to spot him!" retorted Webley. "By Jove, it'll shake the Mounties

Continued on page 10

Mars ARE MARVELLOUS



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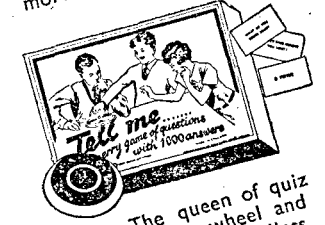


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He Wrote the Words of "Rule, Britannia"

THERE are forerunners to every movement as well as to every great event; and James Thomson, who was born at Ednam, Roxburghshire, on September 11, 1700, exactly 250 years ago, was the forerunner of the romantic revival of English poetry. His most widely known work is the lyric of *Rule, Britannia*, but he has far greater claims to fame.

The son of a Presbyterian minister, James was destined for the Church and studied at Edinburgh University. But he turned his mind to poetry. He went to London in 1725 and by the influence of the poetess Lady Grizel Baillie became tutor to her grandson, the future Earl of Haddington.

It was then that Thomson recast a poem, *Country Life*, which he had written at the age of 20, and published it under the title of *Winter*. The publisher paid him three guineas for it, and he also received twenty guineas from Sir Spencer Compton, Speaker of the House of Commons, to whom the poem was dedicated.

The poem was written in blank verse—a daring departure in that period.

The Seasons

Encouraged by its success, he wrote his *Summer* during the following year, his *Spring* the year following, and finally his *Autumn*. These four poems were collected and printed as *The Seasons*, and they immediately established Thomson's reputation as a poet. The work was particularly notable for its exquisite pictures of natural scenery, and its author's sympathetic attitude to human life.

James Thomson was not quite so successful in his writings for the stage, though his tragedy *Sophonisba* was performed in Drury Lane Theatre. But it

came under the lash of the wit Fielding, especially a weak line "O Sophonisba! Sophonisba O!" To which Fielding rejoined, "O Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson O!"

Rule, Britannia was a lyric in the *Masque of Alfred*, which was first presented in 1740 at a fête in Cliveden House, Buckinghamshire, before Frederick, Prince of Wales. The Prince was a patron of the arts, sciences, and literature.

Pension From the Prince

The *Masque of Alfred* was written in collaboration with David Mallet, but it is generally agreed that Thomson wrote the lines of *Rule, Britannia*. He was granted a pension of £100 a year by the Prince, and was also made Surveyor to the Leeward Islands, a paid office with few duties.

James Thomson was a handsome man, good natured, devoted to his relatives, and fond of company. He was also a somewhat lazy man, and was a critic of his own character in his last famous work, the *Castle of Indolence*, an allegory of the enchanted *Land of Drowsihead*, written in the same metre as Spenser's *Faerie Queen*. He died in August 1748, soon after the poem was published.

James Thomson in his finest work undoubtedly turned men's thoughts back to Nature, and he also gave his countrymen a patriotic song that will never fail to thrill them.

From Uganda to Manchester

THE four Ankole long-horned cattle which recently came to Manchester's Belle Vue Zoo from Uganda have an unusual tribal importance.

The cattle belong to two tribes of Hamite origin, the Bahima and the Watussi or Batusi, who came into Uganda centuries ago. The main food of these tribes comes from the cattle as milk, but they do not eat the meat unless the cattle die a natural death. Their owners give the cattle individual names, and one of the great aims in breeding is to produce horns of great size.

He Speaks Nearly 50 Languages

AMONG 50 modern language teachers from Australian and New Zealand universities who attended a conference in Melbourne recently were two men who could understand each other in 16 languages.

They are Professor Goldman of Melbourne University, and Dr Spindler, of Armidale University, New South Wales. An unusual language which both can speak fluently is Ladimian, used only in the Swiss mountains. Professor Goldman can speak nearly 50 languages, but confesses that he has no knowledge of Far Eastern tongues.

Christmas Will Soon be Here

IT seems rather early to be thinking of Christmas presents, but there are some which have to be thought of now, so as to avoid disappointment.

Such a gift is *The Champion Annual for Boys 1951* (6s 6d), which is suitable for all boys, and many girls. For *The Champion Annual* is full of yarns in which adventure and uproarious fun are delightfully mixed.

Another fine present for Christmas is *The School Friend Annual 1951* (6s), which is a carefully-chosen selection of the kind of well-illustrated stories no school-girl can put down—not even when dinner is ready!

WEST AFRICANS IN LONDON

THE West African Students' Union, which lately celebrated its Silver Jubilee, has the honour of being the first organisation formed to represent colonial students in this country.

Ten students started the Union in an effort to increase co-operation among Africans, and to provide welfare and social facilities for African students at British Universities; now the Union has nearly 600 members and a big hostel on the Chelsea Embankment.

"Ooh! An inside-out sole!" SAID TESSA

1. Go on about Rubber soles Mr. Challowers! Yes - we'd got to where the rubber and compound were mixed together and then made into thin sheets

2. That's right. Well then, here are those sheets again, being passed through another sheeting mill and pressed to an exact thickness! All the same? Yes.

3. Then blank soles and heels are cut on this machine from the rubber sheets. They're roughly the right size, but they've no markings or patterns on them. Ooh! An inside-out sole! It's a mould isn't it Mr. Challowers? Yes, Terry, that's a mould for rubber soles.

4. And these are moulds for heels containing "blank" heels. But what are moulds? They are what give the pattern and right shape to the rubber by pressing. Oh!

5. Goodness! That's the machine that does the job, Tessa - Yes - at great heat. Of pressing the rubber into the moulds?

6. The operator wears asbestos gloves to handle the hot moulds. What is... Asbestos is stuff that doesn't burn and keeps out heat, isn't it? That's it!

7. May I see a sole and a mould together and see the difference? Here you are Whenever there's a sticking-in bit here - there's a sticking-out bit here! Isn't it extraordinary?

NEXT MONTH.... "WHAT SIZE IS A FOOT?"

Clarks CHILDREN'S SHOES

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THE BRAN TUB

Simple

THE two tired hikers stopped by a signpost.
"Ten miles to London," read one of them.
"Come on!" said the other.
"Let's step it out—that's only five miles apiece."

Change Heads

In this verse each line gives the clue to a four-letter word. The last three letters are the same each time; it is only the head that changes.

A TEMPLE thus the poets call;
A grass with joints, and very tall;
The hair on horses' neck that grows;
One of King Alfred's ancient foes;
This shows the way of winds that pass;
It's in a frame and made of glass;
Without a turning this is long;
If you're not this, your wits are wrong.

Answer next week

Countryside Flowers

IN shady woods and hedgebanks Foxgloves rear their graceful spires of reddish-purple bells.

The mouth of each flower is hairy inside, an arrangement which prevents the pollen from falling and also keeps unwanted small insects from stealing the Foxglove's nectar. The nectar attracts humble-bees, whose stout velvet bodies become well dusted with pollen, which they carry to other Foxgloves.

The plant's leaves are deeply crinkled, and their under-sides are coated with down. Apart from a few short-stalked leaves high up the stem, Foxglove leaves form a rosette at the foot of the plant.

COLMAN

Puss In Boots

THERE was an old lady named Chatt,
Who owned a remarkable cat.
It would trot down the street,
With kid boots on its feet,
Wearing shorts and a cute little hat.

Jacko Takes a Snap



THE JackoTown Annual Parrot Show was in progress, and Jacko took his camera along with him. Wandering around, he thought that a close-up of the parrots would make a good picture. But the birds were not favourably disposed towards photographers, and as he got near they set up an ear-splitting chorus. In a flash the others were screeching in sympathy. As Jacko said afterwards: "Even the Tower of Babel could never have been like this. I have never heard such a cacophonous collection of croaks."

How Much?

A MAN presented a cheque at his bank, asking for a number of pound notes, some shillings, and some pennies.

When he came to count the shillings and pence he found that the total was 124, the pound notes and pence together totalled 64, and the pound notes and shillings made a total of 92.

Can you tell the amount of the cheque?

Answer next week

Farmer Gray Explains

Useful Caterpillars. Clumps of golden, daisy-like flowers dotted the field.

"Ragwort!" frowned Farmer Gray.

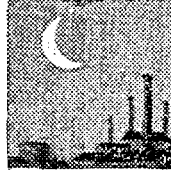
"The flowers are pretty," said Ann.

"There are hundreds of yellow and black-banded caterpillars eating the leaves and flowers as well," called Don, who was examining the plants.

"They are caterpillars of the Cinnabar Moth," explained Farmer Gray, "and are performing a great service. Ragwort may be ornamental, but it is a very troublesome weed. Some time ago parts of New Zealand were plagued with ragwort to such an extent that caterpillars of the cinnabar moth were imported from Britain to combat the weed, which was eventually brought under control."

Other Worlds

IN the evening Mars is in the south-west and Jupiter is in the south-east.



In the morning Venus is in the east. The picture shows the Moon at half-past seven on Thursday morning, September 7.

Not Hungry?

RETURNING to the office from lunch, a man was asked by a colleague:

"Did you have a good meal?"

He replied by writing on a scribbling pad: "I 80."

Can you say what he meant?

builou of xou av I

And Then Silence

THE customer sat down in the barber's chair.

"Would you like a hair cut, sir?" asked the barber.

"No," was the reply. "I want them all cut."

"Any particular way, sir?"

"Yes; off!"

Hidden Animals

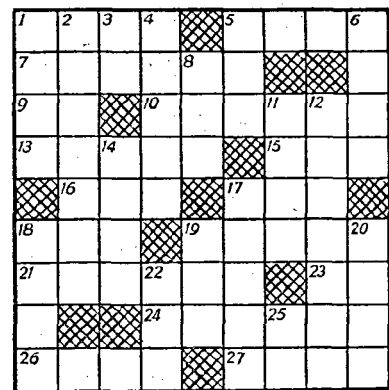
Among entries for the recent Hidden Animals Competition was this solution written amusingly in verse. The entry did not qualify for one of the prizes offered, but a special prize of a fountain pen has been awarded to the sender, Irene Tanner, age 12, of Auchterarder, Perthshire.

I am sure when in saying a WOLF I espy,
I am right. But if not, well I had a good try.
Then in the picture an OTTER I see,
So oft by the water, but here in a tree.
The BEAVER gnaws wood and can make a fine dam,
While the PIG has a snout, and jaws like a clam.
The old grizzly BEAR is famed for his hug,
And the funny old GOAT would chew up a rug.
The HARE can leap streams and ditches with ease,
And the ELEPHANT uses his trunk to shift trees.
Some of these beasts will perform in a circus,
Even the last one, the awkward old WALRUS.

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 German coin. 5 Roadway between hedges. 7 Business to be considered at a meeting. 9 Channel Islands. 10 Geological period. 13 Anaesthetic. 15 Provide a fortress with personnel. 16 To be in pain. 17 To strike. 18 Devoured. 19 Roman place of assembly. 21 Middle quality. 23 Royal Institution. 24 A native of Crete. 26 Coastal sand-hill. 27 To govern.

Reading Down. 1 A staff of office. 2 To disturb. 3 Royal Engineers. 4 To rest on the knees. 5 Resin used as a scarlet dye. 6 The first garden. 8 A black beetle. 11 An Arab prince. 12 Instinctive. 14 Went quickly, in a poetic sense. 17 A type of pigeon. 18 In the middle of. 19 An animal's coat. 20 Source of coal. 22 Solid water. 25 Trade Union. Asterisks indicate abbreviations.



Collective

THE question was: Name three collective nouns.

Sammy Simple wrote: Fly-papper, dustbin, wastepaper basket.

Answers (C N September 2)

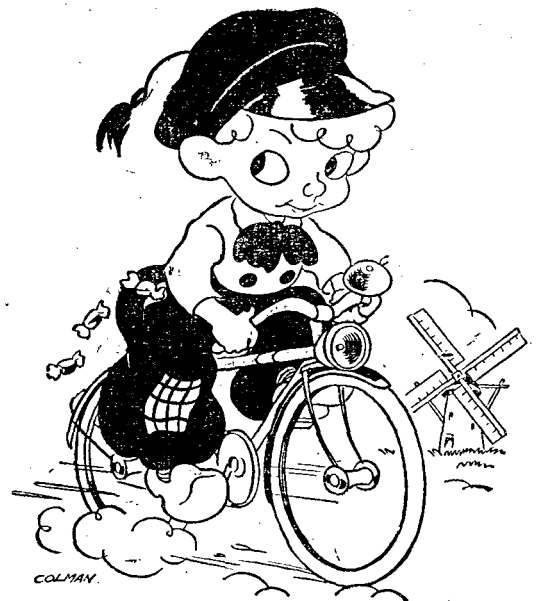
What Am I?

An egg

Riddle-My-Name

Ti(moth)y

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